

# ALASKA SENTINEL.

VOL. 6. NO. 48.

WRANGELL, ALASKA, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 17, 1907

\$2.00 PER YEAR

Strict Integrity, Efficient Service, A Clean, Complete Stock, Small Profits and Quick Returns are the Watchwords at the

## Department Store

Clothing, Furnishing Goods, Hardware, Groceries, Jewelry, Photographs, Curios, Kodaks, Newspapers, Books, Periodicals, Pipes, Tobaccos, Cigars, Furniture, Carpets, Upholstery, Logging and Mining Equipments, Everything Needed on the Frontier, Everything Suitable for the City. Information in regard to Big Game Hunting Grounds and Scenic Attractions of the Stikine, a Specialty. Transportation Arranged.

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They Give Satisfaction. They Give Distinction TO THE WEARER

New Shipment of Fall and Winter Weights in This Week

**Farquhar Matheson**  
General Merchant and Forwarding Agent

## HOW BANNER SHOULD FLY

Cut This Out of the Paper and Save it For Reference

When and how the national flag should be displayed is plainly set forth in a circular issued by the Sons of the Revolution, and should be learned by every schoolchild and citizen of the country. Following are the dates and directions:

**FULL STAFF**  
Lincoln's birthday, Feb. 12.  
Washington's birthday, Feb. 22.  
Battle of Lexington, April 19.  
Flag Day, June 14.  
Battle of Bunker Hill, June 17.  
Independence Day, July 4.  
Battle of Saratoga, Oct. 17.  
Surrender at Yorktown, Oct. 19.  
Evacuation Day, Nov. 25.

**HALF STAFF**  
Memorial Day, May 30, the flag should fly at half staff from sunrise to noon, and full staff from noon to sunset.

The flag should never be hoisted before sunrise, nor allowed to remain up after sunset.

At retreat, sunset, civilian spectators should stand at attention and uncover during the playing of the "Star Spangled Banner." During the playing of the hymn at retreat the flag should be lowered, but not then allowed to touch the ground.

When the national colors are passing on parade, or in review, the spectators should, if walking, stop, and if sitting, arise, stand at attention and uncover.

When the national and other flags are displayed together, the national flag should be placed above the others.

When the flag is flown at half staff as a sign of mourning, it should be hoisted to full staff at the conclusion of the funeral.

In placing the flag at half staff, it should first be hoisted to full staff and then lowered to position, and preliminary to lowering it from half staff it should be hoisted to full staff.

The national salute is one gun for every state, and the international salute is twenty-one guns.

## THE CITY STORE

Donald Sinclair, Proprietor

Clothing, Hats, Caps, Boots and Shoes, Dry Goods, Hardware, Paints, Oils, Stoves, Etc.

FRESH FRUITS IN SEASON

Logging, Fishing, Prospecting and Mining Outfits  
A SPECIALTY

Everything at Lowest Prices

Just Received a Large Shipment of

Blankets, Sheets, Towels, White Goods, Flannels, Calicos, Gingham

LADIES' AND GENTS' HOSE AND UNDERWEAR

BOOTS AND SHOES

TIN SHOP IN CONNECTION. BEWARE OF FIRE!  
RENEW YOUR PIPES AND ROOF PLATES

Hot Blast Stoves and Gasoline Tanks Made to Order

Large Stock of Guns and Ammunition  
ALWAYS ON HAND

St. Michael Trading Company

S. C. SHURICK, M. D.

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Office in Rooms Vacated by Dr. DeVigne  
WRANGELL, ALASKA

C. A. EMERY, D. D. S.

Dentistry practiced in all its branches.

Office in Patenaude Building

Hours, 9 to 12 and 1 to 5

Other hours by Appointment

WRANGELL, ALASKA

G. E. RODMAN

ATTORNEY AT LAW

Office up stairs in Wrangell Hotel

WRANGELL, ALASKA

ROBERT W. JENNINGS

Attorney at Law

JUNEAU, ALASKA

Stickine Tribe No. 5

Imp. O. R. M.

More weekly evening of each week at Red Men's Hall, Wrangell, Alaska. Soliciting chiefs always welcome.

By J. J. Prescott, Sachem.

A. V. R. Snyder, G. R. R.

SALMAGUNDI

The Wrangell Drug Co.

Mining Location Notices kept in stock for sale at SENTINEL office.

In its neat new coat of paint, the front of the SENTINEL office presents a "no-baby" appearance.

Capt. Roy Cole came over from Shakan last week, and has gone to Haines to visit his sister.

Supt. of native schools, Wm. A. Kelly, has been in Wrangell this week, looking into school work.

What's the matter with the Wrangell brass band resurrecting itself and making some music for the town?

Walter Waters returned from his salary, last week, after shipping 200 barrels of fish. This was pretty good, considering the late start he got this season.

Take your prescriptions to the Baker Drug Co.

The atmosphere these days begins to feel as if we'd have to take our fire apparatus "in out of the cold."

Charley Goldstein and Harry Pope came down from Juneau of the Humboldt to have a hunt on the islands near Wrangell.

Mrs. Linderman and two children came over from Klawack, last week, to remain in Wrangell and get the advantage of a good school.

After spending over five years in Wrangell, Melville Marshall left on the Humboldt for a visit to his old home in Kansas.

A. A. Hollenback and wife and Harvey Taylor came in from Deer Island, Friday, where the two gentlemen put in about 100,000 feet of cedar logs for the Wrangell Shingle Co.

Deputy Marshal Grant has gone below on an eighteen days' leave of absence. He is accompanied by Mrs. Grant and his sons Steve and Brigham, the two boys to enter school in Seattle.

The American-Canadian boundary surveyor arrived down from the boundary, Saturday, having finished their labors for the year. They are now waiting for a steamer to transport them below.

R. W. Simpson, who used to be one of the stand-bys of the Olympic mines, is raising fruit down at Mosier, Oregon, and is happy as a clam at high tide. In a note to SENTINEL he sends regards to all old Wrangell friends.

The mill closed down last Thursday and those from below who have been working there this season, left down on the Humboldt. With this institution inactive, it makes things appear somewhat quiet in that town, and in business circles generally.

Mr. and Mrs. A. T. Bennett, after visiting in Wrangell for several days last week, left on the Humboldt for Spokane, Wash., where they will spend the winter. We may look for them back in the spring, however, as Mr. B. will never be weaned from the delightful Alaska summers.

Through making a misstep, the other day, William Perchment, our witty poet, got a bad fall from the Wheeler dock to the rocks below, a distance of ten or twelve feet. Alighting on his head and shoulders, he was badly stunned; but by the application of proper restoratives by willing hands, he was brought out all right, barring the soreness that resulted.

Best line of Candies in Wrangell at Baker Drug Co.

Ed. Lyons, Charley Olsen and Frank Waterbury came in from the flats last week with eight dozen ducks, a few geese and a big swan.

The Alaska Chief, of Shakan, came over to town, one day last week, and for carrying passengers for pay, without the necessary license, was fined \$500 by the deputy collector of customs.

Mr. Wm. Sawdy, who has run the big planer at the mill, this year, took time to call and renew his subscription, Monday. He says he will be watchman at the mill this winter.

A. E. Heath and F. B. Lyon built themselves a boat, and with O. F. Stedman started to Horn Cliff for a hunt. But the waters were too rough for crossing, and they returned home. By the way, Mr. Lyons wasn't looking for grizzlies, though he came near finding one.

The Thlingit Trading Company is the name of an organization recently formed at this place for the purpose of engaging in general merchandising, with Wm. Lewis at its head. Last week they ordered their goods and expect to open out about the 1st of Nov. in the Clark building, opposite Siver Lee's. At first they will carry only groceries and hardware, but will add dry goods later. The company will probably do a good business.

The Challenge reached her home port from Klawack, last week Wednesday evening, with Capt. Albert Lee, Chief Wm. Taylor, Fireman Claire Snyder, and the balance of the crew, besides several who have been employed at the cannery the past season. The Challenge has been laid up for the winter at Pt. Highland anchorage. Those who came over from Klawack say that the cannery put up 35,000 cases of salmon, this year—about 5,000 cases short of the intended pack. Superintendent Swift is still there putting the finishing touches on the season's work.

Monday just after noon a big conce arrived down the river with twelve men who have been delving into the earth after riches in the Cassiar country. Aside from Mr. Delaney, Jim Rosewald and John Finlayson, the men about all belonged to the Haskins outfit. All have the utmost confidence in the upper country, and believe that it will ultimately prove to be the richest mining center in this country. The party expect to get away for below to-day, on the Princess Royal. Mr. W. Pike and party are expected down the latter part of this week.

The crew off the Challenge tell of a singular phenomenon, at different dates during the past season, in the waters of the West Coast of Prince of Wales, that it would be well for some scientist to look into. It was in the Big Skookum Chuck, not far from Copper Mountain and Sulzer, and covering an area of perhaps fifty or sixty miles square. Some days the water would be clear, and at these times fish were taken in goodly numbers. At other times the water was almost of a milky whiteness, there were but very few fish, and what there were were in a stupified condition, if not dead. So frequently did this phenomenon occur that the Indian fishermen became filled with a superstitious dread of these waters and refused to enter them when they were discolored, for love or money. Here might be a chance for some man of science to distinguish himself by ferreting out the cause of this strange freak.

This office has this week turned out 500 copies of the Cross-Bearer, a 20-page pamphlet for Rev. Jenkins, Ketchikan; 500 order blanks, 500 statements, 500 envelopes and 200 receipts for Bob Peratrovich, Klawack; 500 letter heads and 500 envelopes for Wrangell Drug Co.; 1,000 letter heads and 1,000 envelopes for F. Matheson; 500 letter heads for Baker Drug Co.; 200 circulars (in Slavonian) for the Douglas Island Miners' Union; 100 statements for Carson & Denny; and we are now working on 2,000 constitution and by-law circulars for Douglas Island Miners' Union. That's going some.

Meers. Geo. McKay, John Coon, Jeff Casson and Walter Dort returned last Thursday from a several days' hunt in which they were quite successful, bringing in some fine game. After their return Mr. McKay took a bath in the cold waters of the bay that was not altogether to his liking, and not nearly as pleasant as if it had been a porcelain tub. He stepped into a boat, lost his balance and went into about twenty feet of water, but being a good swimmer, scrambled out with no further injury than a thorough wetting.

The entertainment given by the public school, last Saturday evening, was attended by a full house, and proved the success that was hoped for it. The program was of a modern type brought here by the Misses Vollen, and consisted of songs and recitations in which all pupils, big and little (with the accent on the little) took part in a manner that gratified the audience. A neat sum was realized, which will be used in getting paraphernalia for the school rooms.

Old Point Woronkofski was covered with snow Tuesday morning—the first real sign of the approach of winter.

Notice of Meeting of Board of Equalization

Notice is hereby given that the assessment roll for the year 1907 has been completed by the Town Assessor, and is now open for inspection.

The Common Council will sit as a Board of Equalization, Monday, October 7th, Tuesday, October 8th, and again Thursday, October 24th and Saturday, October 26th, 1907, in the Council Chamber, Red Men's building, from 2 o'clock P. M. to 4 o'clock P. M. of said days, and during such time any person who may desire a reduction on the assessment of his or her property shall make and file with the Board of Equalization a written application thereof, verified by his or her oath, showing the facts upon which it is claimed such reduction should be made.

Dated at Wrangell, Alaska, this 1st day of October, 1907.

JOHN E. WORDEN,  
Town Clerk.

To see the familiar form of "Uncle John" Finlayson on our streets, after a summer spent up the river, looks natural. Although 94 years old, Mr. Finlayson has kept up with the young men on the trail and successfully worked his claim on Dease Lake, this year.

Our friend Smith is again "monarch of all he surveys" at the cannery, and is as happy as a king on his throne.

## Don't Use Patent Medicines

In order to please our customers we handle most of the patent medicines that are on the market, but we do not encourage the use of them. This is because every case of sickness requires different treatment; no two cases of the same ailment will do well under the same treatment. When you are sick let a doctor handle your case. You will then get the medicine you need, and not a "cure-all" which cures nothing.

**THE BAKER DRUG CO.**  
PRESCRIPTION DRUGGISTS

**WRANGELL DRUG CO.**  
Wholesale and Retail Druggists

— DEALERS IN —

Fancy and Staple Goods, Candies, Notions, Toilet Articles, Stationery, School and Photo Supplies

MAIL ORDERS GIVEN PROMPT AND CAREFUL ATTENTION



## Alaska Sentinel.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY.

WRANGLER.....ALASKA.

Fast friends should be slow to disagree.

When a man earns his money he never has any to burn.

Business is business for those who mind their own business.

Fruit may be scarce on tree and vine this year, but there is still a fairly good crop in the tin can.

Adam never had occasion to try to explain the presence of a blonde hair on the sleeve of his coat.

Those warships in the Pacific mean nothing, but Japan will not have to pay an admission fee to look at them.

Why should there be a dispute over the sex of the American eagle? The eagle is on our money, and it certainly talks.

Because he has been made a doctor of literature, Mark Twain will not treat poetry for bad feet. He is not a chiropodist.

We do not remember having read any nature faking stories about the mosquito. Everybody seems to understand the mosquito's habits.

Somebody should push along that idea of selling eggs by weight. Some of those that now go toward making up a full dozen are no larger than ballstones.

Let us become too proud as a people let us recall the fact at suitable intervals that English tailors criticize the style of clothing worn by Americans at society functions.

A Washington preacher declares that "hell is in the sun." But, then, he may know no more about it than the good old pastor who used to tell us that it is in the opposite direction.

The Duke of Abruzzi is reported to be in love with a Philadelphia girl whose father has millions. The duke's friends will, if the report is true, be sorry that he is in financial difficulties.

Congressman Hobson says it is a dream of his life to see erected in Alabama a factory that will turn out 100 battle ships a day. Does he stop to think how common captains and commanders would be in the event of such a consummation?

With some men education is a process, as the word indicates. With others it is an event. A New Jersey janitor undertook to wipe windows with a United States flag. When the police drove away the mob the janitor had been educated, but it had taken only a few minutes.

A great deal has been said about the facility of the Japanese in adopting and adapting Western methods. Even our language appears to gain something from their use of it. It is told of one of General Kuroki's party that when his opinion of America was asked, he replied, "Your country is full of remarkable things, but I find the weather curseworthy." Two noteworthy new words in a single breath!

Sir Chentung Lian-Cheng, Chinese minister to the United States, has been called home like his predecessor, Mr. Wu, to serve the empire in domestic diplomacy. China has need of all her able diplomatists and administrators in her vast new scheme of internal reform. One of Sir Chentung's accomplishments, however, will be allowed to languish in the Chinese foreign office—his Yankee skill at baseball, which he acquired along with other liberal arts at Phillips Academy, Andover.

Notwithstanding the passage of the service pension law last February, the pension roll is decreasing, according to a recent statement by the pension commissioner. It reached its maximum in January, 1906, with a few more than a million names on it. In the next eighteen months it decreased eighteen thousand; there were sixteen thousand fewer names on it in the following eleven months, and the net decrease for April was two thousand nine hundred and seventy-seven, or at the rate of about thirty-five thousand a year. This is what one would expect forty years after the close of the war.

Polar exploration has made more progress within the past twenty-five years than in any other similar period. This was well illustrated when Commander Robert E. Peary, of the American navy, Col. David L. Brainard, of the American army, and the Duke of the Abruzzi, of the Italian navy, met at a dinner in New York in honor of the duke. Each of the three men has held the record for penetrating farthest north. Colonel Brainard, with the party in search of the Greely expedition, reached 82 degrees, 24½ minutes north latitude in 1882. He held this record till Nansen passed it in 1896, reaching 86 degrees, 13.000 minutes. The Duke of the Abruzzi in 1900, or the party sent out by him, beat this by about 20 minutes, and Peary last year surpassed them all, touching 87 degrees and 6 minutes. In the twenty-five years since Colonel Brainard's achievement the explorers have gone almost 3½ degrees

nearer to the pole, or at the rate of about ten miles a year. There remain about 200 miles to go.

It sometimes happens in human life that a man who has lived for years in peaceable if not amicable relations with his neighbors is suddenly revealed as a great criminal, whose presence has been a constant menace to all about him, and whose sins include tragedies which had long been mysteries. Some such revelation as this has been made about the common domestic rat, not suddenly, perhaps, but with a slow and certain piling up of evidence, until now the Biological Survey of the United States government has indicted the sly gray criminal in a special pamphlet. The first rat to reach these shores was the European black rat, which came over nearly three hundred years ago. The common rat of today is the brown, or Norway rat. He reached America about 1775, and has multiplied so rapidly that he has almost entirely driven out his black predecessor. There is also a third species, known as the roof, or Alexandrian rat of Egypt. This rat is a good sailor, and so is found mostly in seacoast cities. The brown rat is pronounced to be the worst mammalian pest in existence. No statistics are available for America, but in Denmark this rat is estimated to work three million dollars' worth of destruction every year; and in the United States one rat to every horse, cow, sheep and hog—a conservative estimate—would do one hundred million dollars' worth of damage in a year. Rats destroy eggs and young poultry, pigeons, game-birds and song-birds. In cities they enter stores and warehouses, and destroy lace, carpets, silks and woollens. They gnaw through lead pipe, and so flood buildings with water. They eat away the insulation of electric wires, and thus cause fires. They are prolific sources of the spread of contagious diseases. They breed so fast that a single pair, if they and their descendants were unmolested for three years, would be represented at the end of that time by more than twenty million individuals. The bulletin of the Biological Survey is issued especially for farmers and others whose premises are infested with rats. It gives the best methods of poisoning them,—the rats,—describes the most effective traps, and gives other information which makes it an important aid in the elimination of what has truly been called "a world pest."

### LANGUAGE THAT DISAPPOINTED.

All That a Strong Man Said Under Great Provocation.

"I don't like to hear a man swear as a general thing," said the girl of some experience, to a Providence Journal writer, "but there are times when it seems justifiable, and then I like to know that a man can follow his feelings. The other day I had what was a real disappointment, though it's dreadful to admit it."

"I was walking up Westminster street with a man you know, and his hat blew off, fell under the wheels of a trolley and was absolutely ruined—a new hat, too! What do you think that big, strong man said? He picked up the remains, looked at them for a time as if he were struggling with some strong emotion and then observed mildly, 'Dear me!'"

"So you wanted to hear him swear?" inquired the man to whom she poured out her tale.

"Well, I thought he would use at least one big D," replied the girl.

"My dear girl," said her companion, "that man you were with is probably the most profane man in Providence, and on what you might call ordinary occasions he can swear for half an hour without repeating himself. There are, however, times when words are inadequate, and he doubtless recalled that all the curse words he knew were too feeble for the occasion. I assure you there was more heartfelt bitterness in that mild expression than in all the oaths he knew."

"Perhaps," said the girl, "but it really seemed so pitiful that I wanted to say things for him."

### The Bookplate.

An ex libris, or bookplate, is a small piece of paper whereon is printed the owner's name and pasted on the inside cover of a book; in other words, it is a printed slip to denote the ownership of books. A proper ex libris should have, first of all, the name, boldly and plainly printed, and a space left for the number of volumes contained in the library; then, to make it more interesting and personal, some decorative device of the owner's peculiar and individual choice as well as some favorite motto, if desired. In Europe those who have the right use family crests or armorial bearings for their ex libris. Every well regulated library should have some mark of ownership, and the ex libris takes the place of the owner's signature.

### Thanked.

Lil' rain an' sunshine makes de country smile;  
Thank de Lawd we livin', ef it's only fer a while!

Lil' rose a-growin', drinkin' up de dew—  
Thank de Lawd you livin' en de flowers is fer you!

Lil' bit er trouble—lil' song en sigh;  
Thank de Lawd de res' time is comin' by en by!

—Atlanta Constitution.

### The Secret.

He—Why did you tell me this if it was such a secret? She—But if I didn't tell it to somebody how could anybody know I could keep a secret?—Baltimore American.

# PAPERS BY THE PEOPLE

## NEXT PANIC DUE IN 1913.

By Prof. Joseph F. Johnson.



If an industrial crisis is on the slate it will, in all probability, not come before 1913. That would seem an appropriate year. In England there is a panic about every ten years, in the United States every twenty years. During the last ten years prices have risen 42 per cent, while the amount of money has increased 70 per cent. During that same time the national banks have increased their loans and discounts two billion to four billion three hundred million dollars, an increase of 115 per cent. Meantime the reserves have been reduced from 19 per cent to 13 per cent.

Wages have not gone up as rapidly as prices have risen, and therefore an increase in wages should be made. If people are to purchase goods at rising prices they must have higher wages. I do not say this from any humanitarian motive, but from the knowledge of the cold fact that if prosperity is to increase we must give some of the money earned to the common people.

I believe that the old United States bank could be established to advantage if a new charter like that of the Bank of France were conferred upon it. If we cannot find twelve honest financiers for the president to appoint to manage its affairs, then I think we had better have a panic. If an industrial crisis is on the slate it will, in all probability, be like that of 1857, from the effects of which the country recovered almost completely within a year. The most serious factor in the present situation is the loss of confidence occasioned by the break in Wall street. There is a popular impression that Wall street discounts future events, and that the March panic means that railroads will be forced to cut dividends within a year or two.

## FAIR DEALING IN RAILROAD MATTERS.

By Gov. Charles E. Hughes of New York.



I am fully conscious, as is every one who professes to have a modicum of intelligence, of the tremendous advantages which the country and every community in it have derived from the extension of our railroad facilities.

They are the arteries of commerce; our communities would be lifeless, our trade would collapse, we would all be worse than dead were it not for these opportunities of communication and these facilities of transportation.

We honor all that has been done in this way, and we want to make these possible.

We want more; we want extension; we want greater facilities. We want every opportunity afforded to enable the people to remove their produce, and we want fair treatment to those who are engaged in this very necessary activity.

Yet it is said that, despite the prosperity of the country and the great benefits that have been derived from the extension of our transportation facilities, there is a state of unrest; that there is a general condition of discontent throughout the country. Why? Is it because of extension of means of communication? Will any one suggest to an intelligent audience that American citizens are in revolt against their own prosperity?

What they revolt against is dishonest finance. What

they are in rebellion against is favoritism which gives a chance to one man to move his goods and not to another; which gives one man one set of terms and another set to his rival; which makes one man rich by giving him access to the seaboard and drives another man into bankruptcy, or into combination with his more successful competitor.

It is a revolt against all the influences which have grown out of an unlicensed freedom and of a failure to recognize that these great privileges, so necessary for public welfare, have been created by the public for the public benefit and not primarily for private advantage.

## FINAL TRIUMPH OF MEDICINE.

By Dr. E. C. Sweet.



Victory has followed victory, and many of the most dreaded diseases have become powerless in the conquest with preventive medicine. The clientele of the physicians is growing smaller and smaller, but their glory as humanitarians and scientists is rising and will reach the zenith after coming generations of more erudite physicians have conquered and laid at their feet the two worst enemies of mankind—tuberculosis and cancer. Preventive medicine is the medicine of the future, and the final triumph of scientific medicine will be the suppression of disease. In this struggle with the causes of disease we need not only the earnest and united support of the medical profession in the front ranks of this movement but the encouragement and financial aid of the governments, general, state, county, city and village. A new and much needed specialty in medicine should be created—scientific sanitation. But to accomplish our final object in public sanitation means must be provided for popular instruction in hygiene and sanitation in our schools and by popular lectures, in order to reach the mass of the people, and by doing so enlist their interest and secure their co-operation.

## MENACE OF MACHINE MUSIC.

By Carl G. Schmidt.



The one thing Americans have been repeatedly accused of is a lack of thoroughness. We are told that we seek to accomplish in months that to which other nationalities devote years. We are in a hurry with our arts and business. These criticisms are in many respects true. As a people we seem no longer content to enrich our lives by years of careful study; we prefer rather to obtain our music with ease and rapidly, hence the mechanical piano players, phonographs, etc.

That these machines tend to disseminate knowledge is unquestionable, but that they bring one into a close touch with the refining influence of music which comes with actual association and study is not quite so clear. To have music at hand is certainly to enjoy it, but to come into close relationship with each thought and mood of the composer is to love it.

There may be many reasons for machine music, but that does not for a moment alter the fact that this country needs men who are willing to devote years of life to the furtherance of music and art. To do this we must now and for all time banish the spirit of haste.—Etude.



"It's durned easy for you to talk," said the man who had asked for a little temporary assistance. "You're just like the rest of 'em. You've had luck yourself an' I ain't. Things has come your way in carriages an' I've jest got it in the neck right along. You've never done no work; you don't hatter. You've got money enough so's you don't hatter work."

"That's the way you've got it sized up, is it?" said the householder.

"Sure," replied the tattered man, confidently. "I don't know as I blame you, either. I don't know as I'd work myself if I wasn't poor."

"When did you do a day's work last?" asked the householder.

"That ain't the point," said the tattered man. "That ain't neither here or there. I might have done a day's work yest'day an' got beat out o' my pay an' I might not. Mebbe I couldn't get no work to do. I ain't to blame for that, am I? If I'm willin' to work an' try to get a job an' nobody won't give me a job, is that any fault o' mine?"

"But are you willing to work, and do you try to get a job?" asked the householder.

"That ain't nothin' to do with the question. You say it's my own fault if I ain't got no money nor clothes nor shelter. I claim it's my misfortune. I claim that when a man's met with a misfortune it's the dooty of his feller man to help him out. I claim I ain't to blame. I ain't John D. Rockefeller's son. Why ain't I?"

"There are reasons, doubtless," said the householder.

"Reason nothin'," said the tattered man. "I didn't have the luck, that's all. I wasn't given no choice in the matter. I had to take the parents' word. I got. I couldn't take 'em back an' get 'em exchanged, could I?"

"I presume not," admitted the householder.

"There you are, then," said the tattered man with a wave of his hand. "If I didn't have no choice I wasn't to blame. If I'd been born rich I'd have had plenty o' money an' if I'd been born lucky I'd have kep' it an' then I wouldn't have had to work no more'n you do."

Let me put you right," said the householder. "I work for my living and I work hard for it."

"You prob'ly sit in a easy chair up in some office an' press a button an' tell your clerk what you want him to do," said the tattered man scornfully. "That ain't work. You get out with a shovel an' pick an' dig till the sweat runs down in your eyes an' blinds you for ten hours a day an' you'll know what work means. I tell you it's fierce."

"How do you know?"

"That ain't nothin' to do with the case," said the tattered man. "The point is I ain't never had no luck. I found a pocketbook once wot had about \$1,000 in it in \$100 bills an' I hadn't got a block away from the feller who'd owned it ketching up with me an' took it away from me. Talked about callin' a cop because I picked it up off the sidewalk. If it had been anybody else he'd have got a reward. Wot I got was a swift kick."

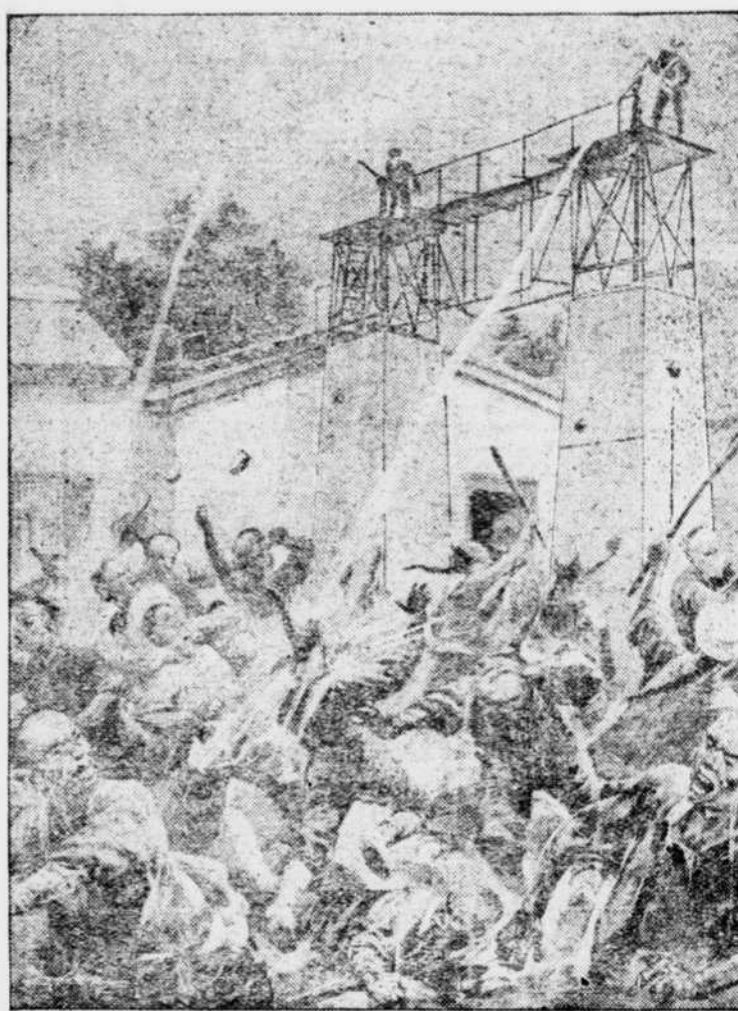
"That certainly was hard luck," admitted the householder. "Too bad you weren't a better runner."

"Ten year ago I was out in Idaho an' I stayed all night in a tent with a feller wot was prospectin', an' while I was asleep the next mornin' he don't do a thing but go out an' locate a \$50,000 gold mine, not a quarter of a mile away. I must have walked right over it the way I come. Now, why wasn't it me found that there mine? Jest because I didn't have no luck an' this feller did. That's all there is to it. Think I'll be poundin' back doors for a hand-out to-day if I'd have got that mine an' sold it!"

"No," replied the householder. "I judge you'd have drunk yourself to death inside of a year."

"It wouldn't surprise me," said the tattered man. "I'm jest that unlucky. I never did have no constitution; but I don't know as you could say that was my fault. That feller wanted me to stay with him an' help work his mine for a third interest in it, but he didn't know how good it was, an' I didn't. Besides, I'd got \$20 in my pocket wot in a tie camp. Talk about me not workin'! I worked in that camp nearly two weeks. An', say, talk about luck! I got a dime this mornin' an' I shook a feller with dice an' dropped five

## HOW RIOTOUS CHINAMEN ARE SUBDUED IN SOUTH AFRICA.



By means of a water-gun, which is a gigantic drenching machine traveling on a high platform, obstreperous coolies in the mining compounds are speedily brought to submission. The water, while free from danger, is as effective as bullets. By the new policy now instituted in the 'rand all of the Chinamen at present there are to be deported when their present contract periods expire and no more will be permitted to land. At the end of the present year 10,000 will be deported.

## FAMOUS LIFE ROMANCE.

Divorce Ends the Hasty Marriage of Mrs. Yerkes-Mizner.

Mrs. Yerkes-Mizner is again Mrs. Yerkes, having secured a decree of divorce from her second husband, Wilson Mizner. Her sudden marriage to the latter and her speedy divorce have added a sensational denouement to a famous life romance. Mrs. Yerkes was Mary Adelaide Moore, the daughter of a chemist. She was the second wife of Charles T. Yerkes, the multi-millionaire, banker and traction magnate. At the time of her marriage Yerkes was a broker in Philadelphia. When his firm failed it was found that he was in debt to the city for bonds sold on account. Neglecting to make the city a preferred creditor, he was sent to jail, but subsequently released and the sentence declared illegal.

He made a fortune out of Jay Cooke's failure and went to Chicago. There he exploited street railways, bought newspapers and manipulated the municipal government to a degree that the town became unhealthy as a residence for himself and his wife.



MRS. MARY ADELAIDE YERKES.

Mrs. Yerkes went to New York, built a palace on 5th avenue and tried to break into society. Mr. Yerkes went to London and captured franchises for underground tubes, constructed electric railways and heaped up more millions and more scandal. He estranged his wife, who remained in New York and surrounded herself with a circle of friends, none of whom was able to open the charmed door of social recognition. Her house became the Mecca of artists and writers, politicians and railway officials, and her entertainments were lavish. Suddenly her trusty husband returned to America to die. A beautiful ward watched over his last moments and shared his dying hour with the rightful spouse. Yerkes left his ward a palace in New York and a huge fortune; his wife, a life interest in many millions.

It was just after Christmas day, 1906, that Yerkes died at a New York hotel. In a little over a month the tongues were set wagging by the announcement of the rich widow's sudden marriage to the young California mine prospector and gentleman of fortune, Wilson Mizner. The ceremony was secret, and was not revealed until two days after it occurred.

The papers hummed with the affair, but within a week were obliged to print the news that the "cooling" Mizner had already begun to ask sanely for money. Rumors wafted out of the portals of the art palace that Wilson demanded a cool million—that's all. Separation followed and the six-foot bridegroom went back to the mines. Mrs. Yerkes-Mizner, too, disappeared, but the directions taken by the estranged couple were not the same. It

## THE BRIDE WINS.

At Yarmouth, in St. Nicholas Church, one of the most curious objects is known as the Devil's Chair. It is formed out of the huge jawbone of a whale and stands at the west end of the church. When fisher lasses get married, they think it good for the newly wedded couple to race from the church, and they believe that whoever reaches the Devil's Chair first will rule the roost in the little household they are about to set up.—London Graphic.

Even the man who makes nothing but mistakes is in the manufacturing business.

Charitable people never look upon an undeserved epitaph as a grave mistake.

## SOME VACATION YARNS.

Man Steals Fish from Mink—Fight in Dark with Big Trout.

The vacation weather has brought out record breakers in nature freaks, says the Port Jervis (N. Y.) correspondent of the New York World. A boarder at A. D. Barnhart's house, Beaver Kill, Sullivan County, had been whipping the stream without success and while standing idle on the bank he saw a mink crawl out of the water with an eleven-inch trout in its mouth. He at once grasped the situation and a moment later the trout, the mink was so startled that it dropped its prey and fled back into the water. This is the only trout the man caught that day.

John Dallett, of New York, and John F. Hoag, expert anglers, went fishing the other day at Low Beach, Sullivan County, and caught the largest trout landed so far this year. It was twenty-two inches long and weighed four pounds and two ounces. It was hooked in its throat with a common snail hook baited with a minnow and it took nearly half an hour to land the monster, as the fishermen had only a five-ounce rod and very light tackle. At first they thought it was an eel, but when they lighted a lantern, which they dropped into the river, and then jumped after the trout, they succeeded in getting it on shore in the dark.

Isaac Brasington, of Bridgeville, Sullivan County, yesterday morning heard a rumper in his poultry yard and he found a weasel there. Without any thought other than to save his chickens he caught the weasel in his right hand and was badly bitten. He didn't let up, though, until he had choked the life out of the little fellow.

Robert E. Dabler, of Pike County, has a dog that is great on killing snakes. While he was working in the fields yesterday the dog came upon a blacksnake, which he promptly shook to pieces. Soon the dog began to bark around a rock. Mr. Dabler lifted the stone and found three more snakes. The dog dispatched them all.

While the children of a family named Dovetsky at Pocono were playing near the house they came upon a bear cub not much bigger than a groundhog. The cub followed the children to the house. It is presumed that the baby wandered away and met the fate that follows disobedience of parents.

## Rural Delights.

Out in the country under a tree—A book in my hand—is the place for me. Close to old nature—that's where I'd be. Away from the crowd, all alone and free.

Out in the country under a tree—I feel a dern skeeter, or is it a flea? See all the ants and the spider, gee! Here comes the lod bull—back to town for me.

—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

## Exculpated.

The regular patron was indignant as the waiter spilled the soup.

"You're tipsy," he exclaimed.

"Couldn't be on your tips. See?"

replied the waiter; at least not so inebriated as to impede his mental processes.—Philadelphia Ledger.







# ALASKA SENTINEL

THURSDAY, OCT. 17, 1907.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY BY  
A. V. R. SNYDER & SON

GEORGE C. L. SNYDER  
MANAGER

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## LABOR UNIONS, ETC.

The Western Federation of Miners is just now in the limelight of publicity, accused, as an organization whose chiefest purpose is to create distrust and dissension between employer and employed, and even commit wholesale murder and bloodshed in order to carry their point. But let us look into the matter and see if these accusations are true:

From time immemorial wherever there have been men employed to do the work of others, there has been a growing tendency on the part of the employer to squeeze the most work possible out of the employed, and labor-saving machinery has been brought into such universal use, that in some lines of industry if a man has a good steady employment, at a reasonable wage, he is indeed fortunate.

The Western Federation of Miners was organized as the direct result of the attitude of the marionettes who controlled the mines of the west a few years ago. It is a well known fact that in the mines of Idaho and Montana affairs reached such a state that miners were handled like—aye, worse than—a herd of cattle, and fed as poorly as swine, while at the same time their wages were so small as to scarcely provide the absolute necessities of life, to say nothing of affording no opportunity of education to their children. No more value was placed upon a human life than upon a chunk of rock: not as much as a chunk of pay ore. The men were forced to buy their clothing, groceries and other necessities from the stores of the companies that hired them, being charged outrageously high prices. They must, upon peril of being thrown out of employment, pay an enormous rent for a shack to keep the storm from the coats of their wives and children. At daylight they were sent into the bowels of the earth to delve among the gases and dangerous damps for the precious yellow stuff to add to the bulging coffers of the masters.

Something had to be done in order to bring about a revolution of affairs, and to this end was born the Western Federation of Miners. Since the first organization was effected, a radical change has come over the mining situation. The miners banded together and demanded the right to have eight hours of work, eight of recreation and eight of sleep out of the twenty-four; a wage commensurate with the risks and dangers and the class of their toil; independence to take their money and spend it where and how they desired; an opportunity to give their little ones at least a common school education; food that would furnish the necessary energy for the work assigned to them, and numerous other privileges that theretofore had been denied them.

The principles of the organization are for the upbuilding and betterment of its members.

Every organization that ever

amounted to anything has had its "black sheep," and the W. F. of M. has, among its number, some men who are detestable enough to stoop to almost anything in order to get revenge for a real or imaginary grievance. But odium should not be attached to the Federation because one or two of its members are remiss. Judas betrayed his Saviour; the army of the United States had its Benedict Arnold; and is it necessary to attach the name of anarchist or "undesirable citizen" to every man affiliated with the great miners' union because some member, or even a whole subordinate union, goes to extremes to gain their point?

Verily, no! And here's hoping that the Western Federation of Miners may continue to grow in strength and precept and example until every man who goes down into the earth to add to the world's wealth, may be proud to bear upon his lapel the little bronze emblem that proclaims a member of that organization.

## HOME RULE FOR ALASKA

The statement of Congressman Sulzer, of New York, that Alaska's crying need is home rule, and that "the expense of running the territorial government would be less than one-half the amount now paid into the treasury of the United States," again emphasizes the wisdom of going back to the safe limits of the constitution in our treatment of the northern country. Alaska should be rounded into a territory. Wealth and population justify it; the people of Alaska demand it; they need it; they are constitutionally entitled to it, and they should have it.

The nation must alter its attitude toward Alaska. Alaska must have independence and home rule, so far as the purely domestic problems of the territory are concerned.

Already in this treatment of Alaska, the national government has broken from the uniform practice of this country. Alaska should be molded into a territory and started on the road to statehood. That has hitherto been the attitude of the central government toward the minor political divisions of the country. There isn't the shadow of an excuse for withholding the boon of local autonomy from the northern country.

When congress meets, the issue should be pressed upon the central government. Opposition may be expected. Alaska has enemies; it also has misguided friends, who are opposed to a territorial form of government at this time on the grounds of expediency. The objectors must be met in the open and driven from the field.

Progress in the northern country will never be what it should be so long as the federal government fails to do the square thing by citizens who are working zealously for the development of Alaska's rich resources. These men are American citizens, and they are entitled to the same rights and privileges usually accorded citizens similarly circumstanced. Friends of Alaska should line up for the

struggle this winter and support those who will make an effort to secure justice and a square deal for the proud and progressive country of the north.—Seattle P.-I.

## WHAT IS AN AMERICAN?

Back in Colorado a few days ago a Jap married the widow of a Chinaman. That seems bad enough, but when you think that the widow and bride is a white woman, it seems ridiculous. As a nation we are a conglomeration of anything and everything that chances to come along and mix with us. The Englishman, Irishman, German, the Frenchman, Chinaman and Jap, have preserved their individuality as races. Each retaining a distinct and individual type, but what in the name of mud is an American? He has no particular color, shape or size; his habits are diversified as the color of his hair, if he has any. His eyes are blue, brown, gray and polka-dot; his nose is flat, long, pug and roman; his ears are big and floppy, they are also small and pinched; his manner of speech is slow and deliberate, then again he stutters, gestures and flies all to pieces. His dress is faultlessly proper and a slovenly misfit; he is tall, he is short, he is fat, he is lean, he is energetic, he is progressive and he is lazy and shiftless. He is temperate in all things, and he is a glutton and a wine bibber. He is a man worthy of respect and trust, and yet he cannot be depended upon for anything. If you met him in any part of the earth, would you know he was an American, if you would, how?

The Reynolds Development Co. of Valdez, it appears, does not propose to let the "Seattle spirit" control fully the destinies of that part of Alaska any longer. In a report of the 4th inst. Mr. Reynolds announced that Tacoma had underwritten one hundred and fifty thousand dollars for the Valdez Home railroad, and that the headquarters of the Alaska Coast Steamship Co. will certainly be removed to Tacoma. Mr. Reynolds also says that on the heels of the contemplated change of base on the part of the steamship company, Tacoma will send a large party of business men to Alaska for the purpose of looking over the situation, and the prospects for securing what they think will be their share of Alaska business. But according to published reports, the Reynolds company is a bubble about to burst. Their Valdez bank has failed and three hundred men who went up to work on the railroad are stranded at Valdez, threatening riot and bloodshed.

The Keist Juvenile Vaudeville Co., held out at Red Men's Hall, last Thursday evening, and were greeted with a full house. There was a diversity of opinion as to the merits of the company.

Last week C. M. Coulter shipped to Seattle 250 barrels of as fine salmon as were ever put on the market, and for which he is entitled to get tip-top prices.

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